

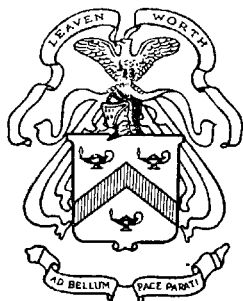
116TH SIGNAL RADIO INTELLIGENCE COMPANY

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THE COMMAND AND GENERAL STAFF COLLEGE

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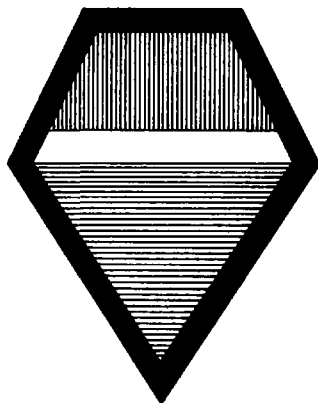
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HISTORY
OF
116TH SIGNAL RADIO
INTELLIGENCE COMPANY



FROM
DATE OF ACTIVATION, 18 MAY, 1942

UNTIL
V-J DAY, 2 SEPTEMBER, 1945

U. S. A.

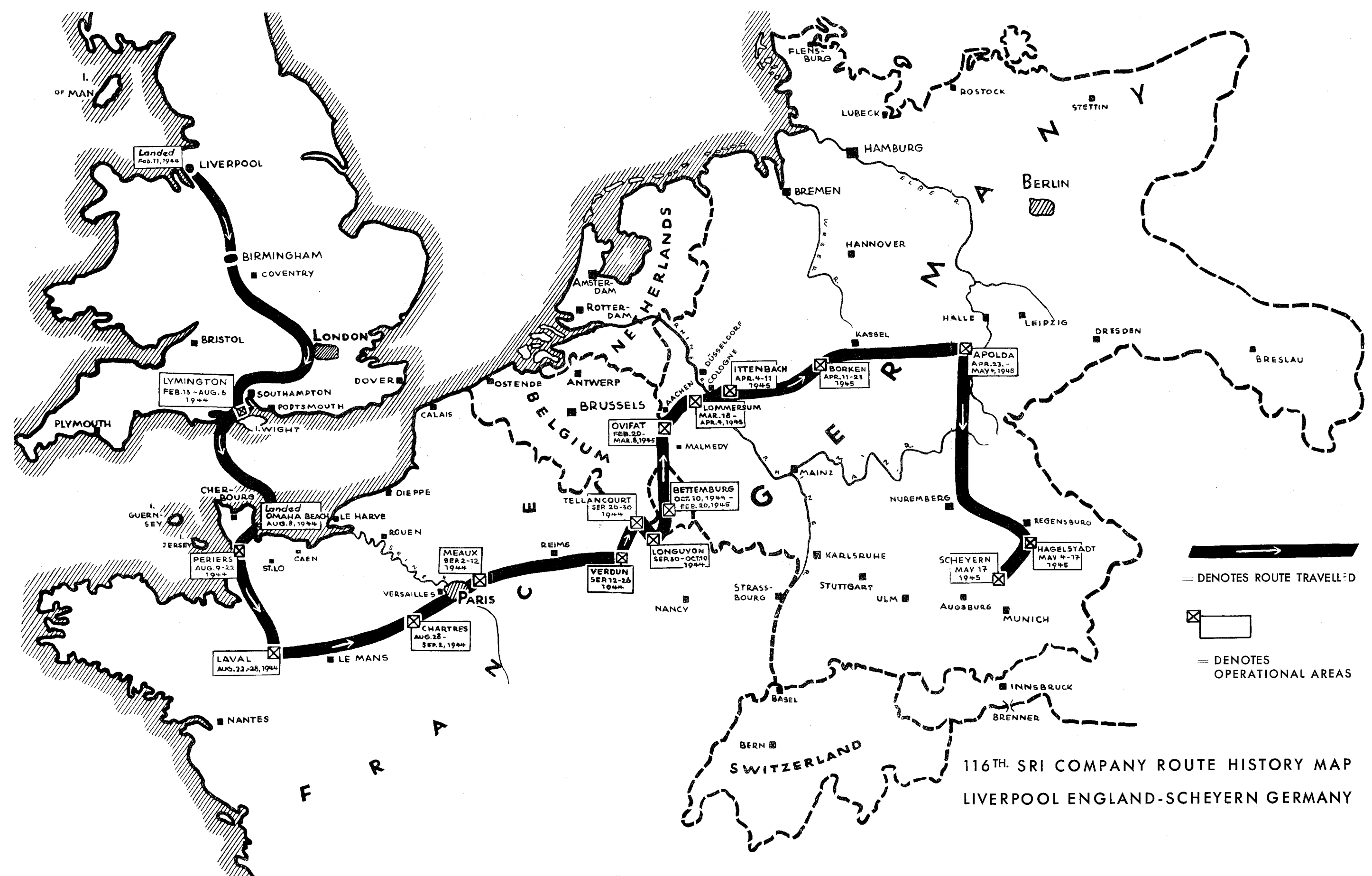
MAY 12 1947

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D E D I C A T I O N

To those who waited; the families and friends of the
116th Signal Radio Intelligence Company.





FOUR STAR FINAL

The story of the 116th Signal Radio Intelligence Company
from Camp Crowder, Missouri, to Scheyern, Germany

As the appearance of the area improved, detail work was cut down some and a refresher course in basic training instituted for a couple of weeks. Then in July most of the personnel started attending code school over at the SCRTC, which consumed most of the day, with M/Sgt Cagle teaching procedure for an hour at the company. Also in July, Bill Alvany, Mickey Lindeman, and Bill Mook left for OCS at Monmouth. Downer and Mohn became 1st Sergeant and Supply Sergeant, respectively. Lt. Thale of the 114th was attached to the company, since the 114th had beaucoup officers compared to the 116th. He was made motor officer.

In August, despite lack of men and equipment, persistent rumors had the 116th earmarked for maneuvers in September. They actually reached reality to the extent of being alerted for a few days, but finally it was called off, a very wise move on someone's part. During that alert no one could leave the post. O'Rourke, who had been living in town all along, set fire to his bunk during one of those infrequent night stays in camp. The sight of him trying to extinguish a burning mattress by pouring a canteen on it was as amusing as it was ineffective. After being doused under a shower, that mattress, not O'Rourke, was still smouldering the next day. August closed in a blaze of glory when Mohn overturned a jeep on one of the back Crowder roads putting Vincent in the hospital for a couple of days, but the next day, Sept. 1, Mohn was promoted to S/Sgt.

Early in Sept. the company moved up to the tar paper barracks in area 21, known as "Shantytown". While those were being built everyone thought those buildings were housing for the pigeons of a pigeon company. It was a great surprise to discover that they were to be the new home of the 116th, and after those nice comfortable barracks down in the main part of camp, too.

Moving was a lot of work, as it always is, and once again there were new buildings to be cleaned and put in order. The area itself was a regular mudhole so the rest of the month was spent hauling gravel, lining a driveway and walks with rocks, and eventually spreading chat over the whole thing. A conservative estimate of the number of truckloads of gravel hauled would reach up into the hundreds, and although it was loaded by a power shovel, all of the unloading was by hand. As for the chat, used as the finished surface, the company was allowed something like ten or twenty loads (it was hauled into camp by private contractors), but various members of the outfit successfully led about fifty more loads astray to our area; which was all right until M/Sgt Barron chiseled a load for which a major was waiting. The result was a big stink raised about the questionable methods the 116th used to acquire all the chat. No more chat was delivered to the 116th, and they came near having to scrape up and return all that had been stolen. Life in Shantytown was quite a bit rougher than in the other barracks due to the detached latrine, stoves instead of central heating,

and the less weatherproof construction in general, but after awhile it became quite homelike. Around the middle of the month Lt. Brownchweig joined the outfit from the 179th Sig Rep Co at Crowder. At the end of the month a large group of officers arrived fresh from OCS at Monmouth: Lts. Anderson, Beiswanger, Cowan, Henning, White, and Wilson, so now all that was needed were some men to make a company. Simitian left for Engineer OCS at Fort Belvoir during September. Lt. Thale returned to the 114th, who were now next door neighbors. In October the code men started attending the Central Signal Corps School on the post, and their education there lasted until the big bunch of men arrived on October 11.

It was on a hot sultry day, typical of Missouri, that the new bunch of rookies arrived at Neosho, Missouri, and impatiently awaited transportation to Camp Crowder. They had no idea of their destination. Trucks finally arrived. The men clambered aboard, barracks bags and all.

As they passed through Crowder's gates the two storied barracks certainly looked good. The first impression was that being here at Camp Crowder was not going to be a bad deal. Trucks did not stop, and the greatest question was "Where are we going?" That question was not very long lived for the vehicles finally stopped in front of some tar paper shacks in "Shanty Town", the home of the 116th. None of the new men knew of the labor that the cadre had previously put into the area to make it look presentable, but in the very near future they were to find out for themselves that all was not going to be "peaches and cream".

Some of the men moved into barracks that were already partially occupied, but the "seventh" was filled exclusively with new men. The only exception was Tec 5 Childs who was supposed to have been in charge, but could never be found when an inspection was due. The rookies soon discovered that Pfc's and Tec 5s were most important. A Tec 5 had to be called corporal. These one and two stripers were for some time given special privileges, for example, they "bucked the chow lines". Most impressive was Hervey Gardenhier's first orientation words, "Men, I've been considered the best dressed soldier in Camp Crowder".

1st Sgt Henry Ambrose Downer introduced himself to the rookies the first day in camp with a lusty, ear-shattering voice. "I want some N.C.O.s here on the double". Ah yes, he was a typical 1st Sgt, complete with sideburns and unforgiving memory.

The majority of the men took basic very seriously. Many of the lessons learned now would be very useful and helpful in the future. Reveille every morning at 5:55 A.M., and retreat at 6:00 P.M. became routine. The program between reveille and retreat for those first few weeks was so full there was scarcely time for "those little things everyone ought to do." There were classes in first aid, military courtesy, map reading, and many other monotonous subjects. Of course, calisthenics and drill were a regular army rou-

tine and could not be dispensed with. To complete the obstacle course in required time a man had to be a combination All-American halfback and Ringling Brothers acrobat. After a conditioning day of basic the men relaxed on their bunks, others went to the movies or made tracks toward that 3.2 beer at P.X. 17. Of course there were always those conscientious letters to "Dear Mom" or "Dearest".

The first night hike will always be remembered, although there were to be hikes of a more gruelling nature. This particular hike was undertaken with austere M/Sgt Vincent in charge. The Missouri sky was clear as they sang and trudged through the red Missouri mud, never realizing they were walking in circles. As the night wore on it became apparent that M/Sgt Vincent didn't know either. After a couple more hours of mud and water a tired and dreary company of men finally discovered Shanty Town. Yes, it was a most depressing and disgusting night.

Taught the nomenclature of the Springfield '03 rifle in the early weeks of basic, each man was issued his piece. These rifles got more attention than Lana Turner in a sweater. Friday evening meant, "prepare for inspection", with barracks to scrub, windows to wash, buttons to polish, rifles to clean, etc. on into the night. A speck of dust meant a gig, a certainty that it would be "restricted and confined to the area for the week-end", or maybe "Sunday fireman".

Basic training was concluded with a tough week of bivouac. It was a good test of endurance and basic book learning. Of the original 250 men who started out on Monday morning only 84 completed the entire week. The second day certainly was rough for after returning to the company for overcoats and pay, it was out again for another 14 miles. Twenty-five miles were covered that day. The bivouac area was reached at approximately 9:00 P. M. and an exhausted, completely worn out group of men just fell to the ground not caring whether or not they put up their pup tents. Finally the men summoned enough strength to pitch their tents and collapse in them, when suddenly the blustering First Sgt boomed out, "Mail call". "We do not want our mail tonight", was their response. In the history of the army that was the first time guys didn't respond to the magic "mail call".

After completing basic the men were enrolled in Midwestern Signal Corps School to learn International Morse code. Quite a few, lacking the aptitude, eventually were dropped. Regardless of that, there were many other important duties to be performed; for drivers, cooks, teletype men, wiremen and radio repair men were needed also. Each man fitted into one of the categories.

The night school inaugurated at SCRTC was no fun, for the only free time was one and one-half hours each day, which time was usually spent in writing letters home. There were not even the wanton pleasures of a PX or a movie, as nothing was open in the only morning hour free of hikes, inspections, and obstacle courses.

In the meantime, passes to Neosho and Joplin were available. The men took advantage of them on weekends. Joplin's famed "Silverdollar" cafe was the mainstay, and Flaherty usually taunted the waitresses with his "dollar three eighty".

After the course at Midwestern Signal Corps School was completed, the Company set up its own code school in one of the empty barracks for further code training. Code training never ended.

By now it was spring and Lt. General Ben (Yoo Hoo) Lear, Commander of the U. S. Second Army visited Camp Crowder. Second Army Special troops passed in review and were inspected by the general. 116th came through with top honors. General Lear later stated that the "116th was the best looking outfit on the parade grounds". The men consoled themselves with this byword, "Even if we can't do anything else, we can sure parade."

There was one man in the outfit who always managed to get out of details, especially when they fell on Sundays. "Fats" MacFarland always had an excuse ready which would relieve him of guard or K. P. This was not typical of most. Outside of a little "gripping" the majority took their duties in stride.

It was soon noticeable that, in spite of the fact that Haglund was convinced that the 116th would never go overseas, the outfit was beginning to shape up for overseas duty. Hikes became more rigorous, and the technical training of the men advanced rapidly. The infiltration course came up on Good Friday, and each man was required to crawl one hundred yards (on his stomach) while machine gun bullets whizzed over his head too closely for comfort. To make it more difficult, the course was marked with barbed wire barriers and land mines that exploded occasionally, but consisted only of small charges in order that no one would get hurt. The marksmanship improved with each succeeding visit to the range. In spite of all this combat training, technical skill was still emphasized as being the more important. Code and radio training continued along with the more rigorous routine.

Lt. Henning initiated a day room project. Each man was asked to contribute one dollar. Most of the fellows were enthusiastic about the idea. After the day-room was completed and the pool table installed they discovered that they would still continue to contribute, for each game of pool cost five cents. That soon added up. Deal, Canterbury, Hamrick, Collier, New and a few others soon discovered the fact that you had to be careful about dropping cigarette butts on the floor of the day-room, for "tough hockey" Downer selected them as "volunteers" to arise at 5:00 A. M. every morning for a week to clean up the room. Oh well, it was a lot of fun, regardless.

The 34th Signal Construction Bn. was activated, and the 116th was called upon to send a cadre to the new outfit. The majority of the men selected for

ing trucks had been in vain, for they had to be unloaded and then reloaded again. On the morning of May 9th, the company embarked. The Army generously assigned the men to Pullmans. Yes, there were many regrets at leaving Crowder for many of the men had their wives with them, living in near-by Neosho or Joplin.

The train was moving slowly backwards down the track and, a very common sight at this time, soldiers were hanging out of all the windows. The best Uncle Sam had, they thought, having just completed basic and infantry training. It was the 116th moving in on Ft. DuPont. Everyone had his doubts as to where he was going, because looking out on both sides of the train all that he could see were swamps and wasteland. Delaware City, the home of Ft. DuPont, was finally reached and what a jolt the boys got—just a very small village with water all around it. Surely this couldn't be a P.O.E. It wasn't. Soon every one was unloaded, allowed to stretch a little, and then marched out through the village to the fort, a very impressive sight not unlike a college campus.

The company's new area was something different and consisted of five two-story barracks, a mess hall, dayroom, and an orderly room. Before the 116th's arrival an M. P. outfit was quartered here and had oiled the floors of every building in the area. This was meat for first sergeant Henry Downer's army brain, and he soon made it known that this oil had to come off. Off it came.

After a week long campaign of scrubbing and policing, things soon began to come up to 116th standard and, even though the unit was out of Second Army and into the Thirteenth Corps, inspections had to be stood. The area was kept spotless, intensified training resumed, and still another revised edition of basic was introduced.

Following that first hectic week the boys began to get around a little. First it was the fort itself, not more than a mile square and boasting everything a G. I. dreams of, an excellent P. X. where anything from a Signal Corps pin or bracelet to a complete uniform could be bought. Ice cream was all over the place, that is until big Dan Hamrick began digging into their reserves; and if Henry Mackeben was followed, the P.X. bar loomed up, specializing in good 3.2 beer on tap.

Full of ice cream and pockets bulging with souvenirs the boys turned next to the theatre. Making a right turn and presenting twelve cents at the box office he found the best shows and seats available in the country, seven days a week. Of course, the first four rows of seats were for the officers and upper threes. It was here that Oliver "Mable" McEachern took out through the wrong door and ploughed into the wife of Post Commander Colonel Rulen. Things began popping all around as the Colonel called over two giant M. P.s to handle poor Mabel. They couldn't pin a thing on him so in desperation "Mac"

was asked for his dog tags, which he produced from his pocket! Well, they took him to the guard house, booked for not wearing his identification tags. Lt. Brownchweig came down and bailed him out, uttering his famous, "What, you again?"

The N.C.O.s soon found their club, a spacious lay-out back of the P.X. The only requirements to this secluded haven were more than a P.F.C.'s stripes as well as the necessary two bucks for the key to the door. 116th P.F.C.s and Privates caught on fast and were soon wearing all sorts of stripes, thus beating the rank blockade and strolling boldly through the guarded door into the non-coms' inner-sanctum.

May 18th was activation day, and called for a gala celebration at a private resort along the Delaware river. The day was really great. For once the men were able to talk to an officer without being on the receiving end of a direct order. A large cake was produced at noon chow with Captain Barley presiding. Fishing and swimming took up the day, but when Bob Mohn and Tom Cantwell threw Gilbert Walker, a life guard, in the drink and ruined his wrist watch, things were called to a halt, and everybody retired to a shade tree to join Judy Zacker in cleaning up the rest of the beer.

Lt. Brownchweig had assumed command early in June upon Captain Barley's departure for advanced officers training and soon initiated a six-week basic course. By now the men were ready for advanced training in the technical work of the company, so a code school was set up and a summer's long march from the area to school was started. Lt. White was in charge and again promised everyone who passed 25 words per minute a Tec 5. Plenty of hard work and bucking followed. That extra sixteen bucks looked pretty big in this very active east coast. Men were promoted and busted, and as the new men kept pouring in with all kinds of rank, the old T/O got top heavy and the axe fell. Stan Blama came through with his famous remark as he advanced on the bulletin board, "Wonder who made private today?" Harry Werneken and Howard Launer set up field nets for advanced training and thought they were doing a splendid job, until Lt. White visited class one day and asked if the men knew Army serial number for each and every part of the transmitting and receiving sets. It seems that came first, and learning to use it second. Harry played golf every afternoon from that day.

Intercept and D/F weren't the only ones getting the advanced work. Wire and motor pool were on the go all day, mostly out away from the company area. Wire got a pole line construction job from the post and set up a line along the canal starting from the St. George bridge.

Hikes reared their ugly heads every Wednesday afternoon, the most infamous of these being the "no water hike" with Lt. White, carrying no pack and no gun, leading the unit on a very hot and tiresome jaunt. Upon the return he poured a full canteen of water out on the ground in front of the entire formation. The next day twenty G.I.s resigned their intentions as thirty-year men.

Every Saturday brought the usual inspections, still as tough as Crowder and always there was the old "cosmolene in the extractor". Saturday at 4:30 P. M. became the high spot of the entire week; week-end passes started. Of course there were always those who had lost shooting craps in the furnace room during a police call, and these unfortunate few together with the giggered men sweated out the week-end in camp away from places like Wilmington, Philadelphia, Washington and even Delaware City. Tex Fellers pulled almost the slickest trick yet, when, without a pass, he jumped the fence and after spending a most enjoyable evening was picked up out of uniform at the gate by the M. P.s. Apparently "Hayden" couldn't quite make the fence on his return and had to buck the main entrance.

Furloughs began coming through and if Downer could be induced to take the request into the "old man", fifteen days came out on a beautiful white furlough form number 34.

In August after everyone had returned from furloughs, the company was alerted for "range firing" at Ft. George Meade, Maryland. The trip was very uneventful as most army trips are. However, there was one little mishap. Baker New, driving a weapons carrier, got lost in a cloud of dust and rammed the end of a trailer. There were no injuries, and "Bake" continued with the convoy.

Arriving at Meade, tents sprung up all over the bivouac area, and the company was ready to bed down for the night.

Early the following morning, 5 A. M. to be exact, the unit was aroused by the ear-piercing blasts of first sergeant Downer's rebel rousing whistle! Anguished groans, moans, and curses rebelled at this, but fearing the wrath and lashing tongue of "Henry Ambrose", the entire company was soon in reveille formation. Men were assigned to details, the firing roster was given, and soon the bivouac area was a bee-hive of activity. Firing the '03 proved to be quite an ordeal for the fellows, as swollen jaws and aching shoulders testified. It was here, Meade, that John DeTate, hearing the preparatory command "ready on the right" jumped the gun, but literally! Being on the right and being ready too, John decided not to waste any more time, and so he proceeded to blaze away at the target. Fortunately, no one was hurt, and only John's ego was punctured. Firing records were made and broken at Ft. Meade. Here members of the 116th developed quite a pride in the excellent marksmanship of Lt. Cowan. A lot of bulls eyes that appeared in "Doc's" target were claimed by Lt. Henning, who fired in the position next to him. He mistakenly was firing at the wrong target. It was all in fun, and Lt. Henning did manage to hit the target once or twice. During one of these days at Meade, Downer called a meeting of all men above the rank of Tec 5. Benny Sigler made the mistake of not using Downer's rank when addressing him. The first soldier then burst in on poor Benjamin and literally "tore him apart", verbally. How that man could dress a soldier down! Things, no matter how bad or good have to end sometime, and after everyone had qualified, the company headed back DuPont way into a

tough rifle inspection. Too many were gigged but those few with a decent gun were given three-day passes for being "on the ball".

As the summer grew older and hotter, mosquitoes invaded the premises. Mosquito bars and nets were brought into use. The men had to be gnuises to put them up, let alone know the one certain way they had to be rolled in the mornings. The mosquito stories made the rounds, and got bigger as the pesky things grew thicker. One had it that they were mistaken for P-38s and many gallons of gasoline were lost at the New Castle air base in fueling them.

Probably just as much a nuisance as the mosquitoes were the practice air raids and blackouts. These were held all up and down the east coast, and after causing one to fall out of bed or leave in the middle of a good movie several times every week, these mock raids became the most dreaded part of any twenty four hours.

As the men became more proficient in their specialized training, several missions were sent out from the company. The first one went to Ft. Dix in June 1943.

A detachment of 68 men under the command of Lt. Wilson was sent to the 4th Motorized Division at Fort Dix, New Jersey. Later this was reorganized and is now known as the 4th Infantry Division. The men were assigned to an M. P. battalion for quarters and rations.

This detachment included radio and D/F operators, control men, plotters, wire men and truck drivers with M/Sgts Cagle and Vincent in charge. The main purpose was to monitor the divisional nets and check them for their security and efficiency, but it also gave the men very good training for their future work.

The first week included a three day maneuver of the entire division and covered most of eastern New Jersey. On the last day the division was taken to Stone Harbor, one of New Jersey's famous resorts. Eighteen miles of beautiful beach were reserved for them — no girls — but everyone had a good time bathing in the surf and sunning on the sand.

At this time Lt. White replaced Lt. Wilson who left for further training in administrative work at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey. The remainder of the time spent at Fort Dix was mostly routine, intercepting the division nets, turning in reports to the chief signal officer, thus making their operators more efficient and aware of signal security.

After several dry runs the detachment finally headed back to DuPont and the rest of the company. All agreed that the six weeks had been a pleasant change from company routine and much experience had been gained from this profitable and interesting mission.

Back in the company the men who didn't go on the mission still went to code school and carried out the unit's duties. Also there was prisoner guard to be pulled at the post guard house. The men felt, after viewing the meals there, that being a prisoner wasn't so bad after all. One consolation, they

wouldn't have to listen to Harry Kinker's famous whistle blowing or John Meyer's piping out with, "Now listen youse guys". The food was good at Du Pont. Steaks were plentiful until the plague of a dietician's nightmare, spinach and beans, came in vogue. However, if the chow didn't suit, there was always the post restaurant, where food was plentiful and good. To get back to the mess hall again; the slave drivers around the company began giggling left and right and for the most insignificant things. Of course, there was a motive in their madness, getting the inside of the chow house painted. Here Stan Blama, Floyd Del Bello, Clayton Dunkle, and Woodie Williams really proved themselves, and soon were presented with master painter's degrees.

By now the old '03 was a real friend to the guys, and they knew it as well as any expert. So what does the Army do but call them all in and issue the new Carbine. This, of course, could happen only on a Friday night. The men worked till the wee-hours getting the oil, grease, and cosmoline off. Tomorrow was Saturday with the inevitable inspection.

The range called again. The outfit headed for Ft. Dix. Now we had to fire the new weapons. It was a pleasure to fire this piece — no kick and no sore shoulders. Everyone qualified in record time and headed back home with Lt. Lakin in the lead. He got lost and the company was strung out somewhere between Philadelphia and Wilmington. Some even claimed to have crossed the Delaware River four times.

Upon the return another mission was undertaken, and the party this time headed for Elkins, West Virginia.

Arriving at Elkins on the 13th of August, the 116th's mission led by Lt. Scholnek and eight men, set up on Bickle Knob in the Monongahela National Forest. Their mission was to monitor the nets of certain units on maneuvers. Having successfully completed this the group returned to DuPont on the 30th day of August.

There was high praise for the work put out during the first mission. The Company was called once more, and this time Mr. Cagle and eight men set off again for Elkins and the West Virginia Maneuver Area. They monitored nets of the 77th and 31st Divisions, staying away from the Company till November 20th.

In this same August the 116th was invited by the city of Newark, Del. to participate in a large bond rally. Of course the outfit was on hand, strutting its stuff and showing the crowd what a well drilled and disciplined company looked like. There was a dance afterward with Lt. Brownchweig taking over the piano and Sam Tilzer giving out with the vocals. Every tavern in town was jammed, that is until "Blackie" got the 116th kicked out of a couple with his infamous songs and quips.

Around the first week of September 1943, eight men with Lt. Lakin in charge were sent 400 miles via 2½ to Pine Camp, New York on a mission to monitor the 5th Armored Div.

The detachment was billeted with the 145th Armored Signal Co. after having spent a rollicking night en route in Ithaca, New York. The operations paralleled exactly the work with the 4th Division. S/Sgt. "Buck" Mount's speech before the citizens at Sunbury, Penn. highlighted the trip back to DuPont after the ten days at Pine Camp.

This perfect set-up just couldn't go on forever and the 116th began to turn its eyes across the Atlantic and yearn for a chance to test the things that had been learned. Still the next move didn't carry the organization to a P. O. E., but it was really the first step on the way. An overseas physical was given and if anyone was able to walk in and out of the dispensary, the "Doc" stamped "OK" for combat.

Perhaps that final morning at DuPont when the unit was preparing to pull out for A. P. Hill, came the most well remembered of all Downer's sayings. He stood haughtily before the formation and bellowed, "Come on you micro-minded-morons, snap hockey!" No one shook from fear that day. The fellows were catching on.

So, five months of paradise were over and the company was on its way again. There were lots of regrets, more perhaps than when leaving any other spot. No memories of army life will live longer than the ones gained in Delaware.

On the 4th of October, 1943 around 1800 hours the 116th pulled into a sandy open Virginia hill. This was their new home for better or for worse. For a few days it proved to be the latter. At night one shivered and shook in a pup tent, and during the day sweated at setting up six man pyramidal tents. But very soon due to the ingenuity of the men and the persistent threatful requests of 1st Sgt. Downer, a bleak barren hill blossomed complete with street lights.

The tents provided considerable amusement but more grief. For example, after the sides were rolled for ventilation there was sand to pour out of the rifle barrel. These tents leaked wind and rain all the time. Of course when it got really cold, infamous little "Pot Belly" stoves were obtained, which when properly fired made a six-man tent warm as an oven. This proved a source of worry and some fun for Oscar Terry, as he watched the "sunlight" coming in his tent grow bigger and brighter as the sparks flew.

The first evenings were spent reminiscing about the fair and friendly Wilmington girls. This soon gave way to trucks to Bowling Green or a crowded ride to Fredericksburg. For many, breaking into southern society proved a trying experience, since the 116th was definitely Yankee. It didn't take too long to prove to the Virginia maidens that the Civil War was a closed issue. For the less adventurous men there was the P. X., at first set up in the area and run by company men, then later moved into the adjacent field and taken over by regular Post Exchange Personnel. For everyone there were trucks to the Bowl-

ities after the unconditional surrender had been signed by the German High Command. That noon there appeared on the bulletin board a brief notice confirming the news which had already spread with wildfire rapidity through the company area. It was signed by the 1st sergeant, for the company commander, and read in effect as follows: "Tomorrow is officially announced as V-E Day. Sun-tans will be drawn at supply at 1 PM!"

The actuality of V-E Day was accepted with little show of celebration or emotion. Its arrival was anti-climactic. The tip off to one attitude was expressed by the facetiously-worded notice that sun-tan uniforms were to be issued. There was the ever-present possibility that the unit might prepare for, and see service in the Pacific Theatre. The more optimistic harbored hopes of early return to the States. No one was willing to name the date. Then there were those who argued that an occupation status was a good probability. Shortly thereafter the point system was announced. Point scores were feverishly tallied and for a time the conventional greeting was, "How many points have you?"

Rumor and speculation were rife as to what would ultimately happen to the 116th. Saturday morning orientation sessions were attended with hopeful anticipation, especially for Sgt. Wachtel's pronouncements "from the horse's mouth". Finally, there was assigned the indefinite mission of monitoring the airwaves against subversive communications.

Operations had begun to ebb and "chicken" correspondingly to increase. The company was subject to daily inspection tours of the Captain with the 1st sergeant as his righthand man, checking on the state of the tent area, the appearance of shelters, with special attention paid the arrangement and condition of bedding and equipment. Even helmets were examined to see if they were denied. Brass from higher headquarters was not completely satisfied with the conditions of the bivouac, so the 116th celebrated V-E Day by standing a full field inspection. Strict enforcement of a newly posted regulation that all mess-kits, on being washed and dried, should be placed **closed** on the folded blankets at the head of the bedding, resulted in a few men being given a week's KP for infraction of that order.

A company order that no man would be permitted more than his duffle bag to contain his belongings, brought about a frantic but comic examination of the heterogeneous collection the men had amassed in their travels across the continent; quite a difficult time was had by some in doing the necessary selecting and discarding. Much of the surplus was packed in odd-size boxes and packages to be sent home. Bob Williams and John Sherer had their hands full taking care of the truck-load which resulted.

Quite a lot of contact was had at Hagelstadt with displaced persons. There were Russians, Poles, and Slavs in the nearby villages engaged in farming, and some of the unit personnel exercised their linguistic talents. Some of the male DPs were anxious to be of assistance to the Americans and

worked very industriously with the mess-section. Somehow both sides managed to bridge the language barriers. Our cinema under the pines when evening fell would have been delightfully enjoyable had the battered projector been in A-1 condition.

It was a chilly morning that we left the pine forests of the Hagelstadt area—chilly for mid-May. As usual there was quite a long wait in the trucks before we actually started moving. The day before, the last of the men that had been away on Detached Service with SSD'D' had returned and were welcomed back into the fold. With them arrived the Radio team, "Goodman's Gang", which was to stay with the 116th on DS for quite some time.

Once rolling, it was no time before we were zooming dangerously through the narrow old streets of Regensburg, and along the banks of the Danube. (The "Beautiful Blue Danube", whose waters in the Regensburg area have been so accurately described by Ludwig Bemelmans as being the color of "coffee with too much milk in it".) The trip along wooded roads and rolling farm country in which the grain was growing thick was not wholly uneventful. With characteristic enthusiasm, Terry O. was so eager to pass one of the frequent ox-drawn carts that he knocked over one of the sleepy oxen as he passed. The peasants clustered around in alarm and indignation, but pretty soon the owner had somehow picked up the animal, and no bones seemed to have been broken. Terry's enthusiasm was not at all dampened.

Before long we were passing through Pfaffenhofen and nearing our destination. It had been described as a "very good deal". We were properly skeptical, though. And we had visions of extensive mop detail and strenuous daily inspections!

We swept up the hill to the Scheyern monastery and along the gray dusty road to the Schulhaus. We would now see how much of a "good deal" the place really was. Some of the Dog Fox gang had preceded us there (doubtless hungrily awaiting the arrival of the ration truck), and they yelled to us that it was "pretty swell".

Well, it was. Especially after a period in the field. Long, white marble-floored corridors. Suites of rooms for each section, with four to six men in a room for the most part. Fancy hot and cold showers in a tiled shower-room in the cellar. Washbasins, sanitary toilets (of a type, to be sure, that puzzled a few of us at first — but we caught on). A spacious messhall in a sort of barracks building that had been added on to the main structure of the Schulhaus.

Everyone was issued an Army cot. One of the long, one-story barracks buildings alongside the main building was allotted to Radio Repair, and for quite a time they rattled around three like two or three peas in a pod. Another such building was allotted to the Motor Pool. A third one was designated as the Special Service Building. The remainder of the first day was spent in

getting "dug in" to our elegant quarters and finding our way around. Operations were set up on a nearby hill.

It was Walter Meth who, in his capacity as liaison man for the administration, had found this site and laid claim to it for the 116th. Originally, the buildings had been intended for a girl's school, but when the Allies started pounding the air installations around Munich, the Luftwaffe decided to move Luftgau 7 to safer quarters, and the Schulhaus was taken over and additional barracks built on the property. Even here the Luftgau was not altogether untouched — the buildings had been strafed and there were still plenty of pock-marks to give evidence of it.

For one thing we all gave a thankful sigh of relief: we would not have to mop the place daily. German civilians had already been hired to clean and help with the K.P. On the other hand, we were deluged about the second day with elaborate diagrams on the SOP for room and bed arrangement. The administration explained somewhat apologetically that "Higher Headquarters" — those evil and mysterious and anonymous figures — were accountable for the "necessary" reign of chicken. That Fowl Reign lasted for a few weeks, and everyone was very careful that his cup faced the right way as it rested on his pillow.

With characteristic speed and pep, the 116th got established in their new home. And within a couple of days, despite the reign of the Fowl, everything was buzzing. But it wasn't with the regular operations work. Our "mission" required a relatively small amount of work on everyone's part. No, there were other activities. Under the leadership of Lt. Wilson, the I and E program was inaugurated, with Al Noullet and Bill Park as his chief henchmen. John Meyer was put in charge of the German civilian workers (which accounted for his being referred to later as "Mayor Meyer" — the People's Choice). Walter Meth continued his job as liaison man and Mr. Cagle kept him busy travelling all over Germany to get utilities equipment and other supplies. Mr. Cagle was determined from the start to transform the area into a smart and efficient camp. Every step that was taken in the process gave a greater air of permanency to the place — and that gave some of us the ominous feeling that we might be there for years!

A week after we had arrived a company show — "Three Down-Time to Go" — celebrated the company's third Organization Day.. the evening of May 18th. Master Carpenter Holmquist, with a few assistants, erected a platform at the end of the messhall; Master Stitcher Ianni snatched and stitched up some material for a draw-curtain. And-presto—we had a stage and theater. The Messrs. Wachtel, Behr and Abrahams and assorted actors got together, scripts were concocted, and lines were learned overnight for the show. As usual, everyone from the visiting Major from "Bottleneck" and Captain Barley to the Supply Room was kidded in one way or another.



INTERCEPTOR

116th SIGNAL RADIO INTELLIGENCE COMPANY

VOL. I. NO. 1

SCHEYERN, GERMANY

TUES., JUNE 12, 1945

The INTERCEPTOR (later to become the INDICATOR) began publication on June 12, 1945, and appeared weekly. Devised as an outlet for heretofore latent writing talents of men in the company and a resumé of the around-the-post news, it soon became a popular fixture.

William Brunkhorst, who had civilian experience, was elected as the first editor, and under his direction the paper was launched on its way. In July when Bill went off to school in England, Ely Tarplin stepped in and took over the duties, ably publishing the paper until September and Brunkhorst's return.

Every week the staff combined to prepare four pages of news, features, discussion, and humor. Robert Ehrenfeld rapidly became the Winchell of the 116th as his Chicken Feed column wittily presented the week's gossip. Franklyn Modell's regular cartoon feature, "Way Down Back", rivaled anything that Bill Mauldin could produce. Harry Wachtel projected the weekly Orientation lecture and the doings of the world into his commentary, News and Views. Joe Stavits questioned the company's opinions in his Inquiring Reporter column.

Visiting luminaries and stars to Munich were interviewed by Lee Abrahams as an adjunct to Theatricals Yours. Marvin Behr, and later William Schaeffer, filled Page Three weekly with the sports activities of the company. Other reliables could always be called upon to plug an open six inches, and often were.

Uncovered as the one really "indispensable" man in the company so far as the newspaper was concerned, Patsy Altieri became the Technical Advisor. Patsy, who had worked in the composing room of the Bridgeport Post, was an old hand at the game and took undisputable command of the work in the shop. The Udart Druckerei, which had published the Pfaffenhofen paper, was swung into line and the modern equipment of the now-defunct Zeitung was soon turning out the INTERCEPTOR. It was only gradually that the linguistic difficulties were overcome as the German-speaking linotype operators, often with weird results, struggled with the English copy they received. However, soon the mistakes per galley proof were down to a minimum instead of the early 25 or 30, and putting the newspaper to bed weekly became routine.

THEY ALSO SERVED

The following men were at one time with the 116th :

ANTHONY, CARL H.	2910 Mercier St, Kansas City, Mo.
BANNARD, YORKE H.	659 Locust St, Winnetka, Ill.
BARRON, RAY	Box 446, Rt No. 6, Pine Bluff, Ark.
BERENS, LEO M.	209 N. Carroll St, Carroll, Iowa
BLAMA, STANLEY	407 E. Myrtle Ave, Youngstown, Ohio
BOYER, FLOYD	2136 Potter St, Lincoln, Neb.
BRENNING, JOHN	Rt No. 4, McCooke, Neb.
BROCKHURST, ROBERT R.	36 Magnolia St, Buffalo, N.Y.
BROWN, TROY E.	Harmony, Ark.
BROWNING, JOHN P.	2515 Neil Ave, Columbus, Ohio
COLBY, CHESTER H.	76 Lincoln Ave, New London, Conn.
COOKE, RICHARD E.	220 Custer Ave, Newark, N.J.
DEY, RUSSELL A.	5525 Mattfelot Ave, Baltimore, Md.
DOWNER, HENRY A.	Rt No. 4, Box 18, Olympia, Wash.
DU TOIT, EARL F. JR.	148 Kingston, Grove City, Ohio
EDLEMAN, FLOYD E.	405 W. 13th St, Lorain, Ohio
ESCARZAGA, OCTAVIO C.	3475 2nd Ave, Los Angeles, Cal.
FALLWELL, CLARAGE H.	Friona, Texas
FISHER, CARL W.	206 E. 9th St, Newport, Ky.
FLAHERTY, THOMAS J.	3409 Powersway Ave, Youngstown, Ohio
FLANAGAN, JOHN R.	387 El Paso St, Springfield, Mass.
GARBATOW, IRA	1288 Hoe Ave, Bronx, N.Y.
GEIMER, JOSEPH H.	2549 Cissna St, Kansas City, Kans.
GOODMAN, ARNOLD	6306 Enright Ave, St. Louis, Mo.
GRESKO, JOHN	1254 Brittain St, Youngstown, Ohio
GRIGSBY, CHARLES E.	425 E. Dewey Ave, Youngstown, Ohio
GRIMES, LEONARD	Scuddy, Ky.
GROSSMAN, LAWRENCE W.	1012 16th Ave, Columbus, Ohio

HAMLET, HARRY D.	Rt No. 1, Mayfield, Ky.
HAMRICK, DANIEL N.	Ellenboro, N.C.
HARRIS, IRWIN H.	1528 Elprado, Torrance, Cal.
HEINL, ROBERT P.	834 Vinton St, Toledo, Ohio
IVEY, FADREW D.	306 Mansfield Place, Dayton, Ohio
JENKENS, JOHN L.	North 5th St, LaFayette, Ind.
JONES, CHARLES P.	1206 Diagonal Rd, Akron, Ohio
JOSSELYN, RALPH B.	Boston Rd, North Billerica, Mass.
KOSIER, ROBERT G.	554 Main St, Lykens, Penna.
LANDRY, ELMO M.	Box No. 24, Carville, La.
LANIER, CHARLES B.	3556 74th St, Jackson Heights, N.Y.
LECHMAN, OTTO	460 Rickarby St, Mobile, Ala.
LEITMAN, GUSTAVE	2000 Vyse Ave, Bronx, N.Y.
LIS, CONSTANTINE E.	11538 Aubin St, Hamtramck, Mich.
LOLE, THEODORE W.	12626 Riad Rd, Detroit, Mich.
LOVENSHIMER, RAYMOND	RFD No. 1, Orient, Ohio
LOWE, GERALD A.	1107 Carr St, Denver, Col.
Mc BRIDE, JAMES L.	323 Jarrett St, Paducah, Ky.
Mc KEE, ROBERT R.	650 Headley Ave, Lexington, Ky.
Mc MANN, JAMES H.	Rt No. 2, Military Rd, Lexington, Ky.
MESTLER, MARVIN G.	926 Niagara Ave, Niagara Falls, N.Y.
MOOK, WILLIAM J.	1322 Himrod Ave, Youngstown, Ohio
MORRIS, JAMES H.	436 Washington St, Gary, Ind.
MOSS, HERMAN	63 Lock St, New Haven, Conn.
MOUNT, WILLIAM E.	Weskan, Kans.
NELSON, LEO W.	Box No. 295, Monticello, Minn.
NETHERCUTT, WESLEY H.	917 Rear Madison Ave, Huntington, W. Va.
NIMER, DANIEL	7545 Kingston Ave, Chicago, Ill.
PHILLIPS, ROBERT B.	414 Wastena Terrace, Ridgewood, N.J.
POROPAT, JOHN	Sasser, Ill.
RENKENS, JOHN H.	Harrison St, Sag Harbor, L.I. N.Y.
ROMANKO, MICHAEL E.	328 Emery St, Youngstown, Ohio
SANKER, PAUL N.	2813 W. Chestnut Ave, Altoona, Penna.

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.541273	116th Signal Radio In-
AUTHOR	telligence Company.
U56h	History from date of
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